The Anderson Intelligencer.

BY E. B. MURRAY & CO. ANDERSON, S.C., THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 6, 1881. VOLUME XVII.---NO. 13.

THE GREAT LABOR PROBLEM.

MR. EDITOR: Assuming that the farmers have shown good cause for dissatisfaction with the Lien law, and assuming, further, that the Legislature will have the good sense to repeal it, the farmers may very properly proceed with the discussion already evoked, and eliminate, if possible, a satisfactory solution of the labor problem.

No system that may be adopted that does not contemplate a permanent and gradual improvement of the soil should be entertained or tolerated. Unfortunately, the general practice prevailing since the war has been one of extension and general depletion. The cotton mania has tempted landlord and tenant to make constant and continual drain on the productive powers of the soil, without restoring that *humus* so necessary from vegetable decomposition to the re-…iction of the soil. In other and plainer words, the clean and successive yearly culture of hoed crops, together with the constant use of commercial fertilizers, must result ultimately in the serious deterioration of the soil. Hence, the diversity of crops, with a preponderance of small grain and forage or grass crops, is absolutely necessary. This diversified culture, to be successful, requires agricultural knowledge of a high order and permanency of settlement for a series of years. The one year tenancy must be abandoned, and one of much longer continuance substituted. No matter how good a tenant you may have, with only the prospect of a yearly tenancy he cannot feel any great interest in improvements. But secure him in his home for five or ten years, and the length of the lease at once stimulates him to improvement of every sort, feeling that he and his family are to enjoy the benefits arising therefrom. Hence, the first step to be taken in the direction of permanent improvement, is to liberalize and lengthen the duration of leases. Looking to the system of tenantry as the most important in the development of agriculture, the Legislature should carefully revise all the past legislation regulating the relations of tenant and landlord, and simplify, if necessary, and amend so as to secure beyond peradventure the interests of both, and foster between them the utmost confidence. One of our most energetic young farmers in Anderson County has already made a new departure in this direction, with every prospect of success. But it is very evident that we have a class of renters that are not yet prepared to take so important a step as this. They have not the judgment and habits which would commend them to the landlord as suitable tenants for so long a period, and not likely to succeed under these new responsibilities. Hence, the long-tenant system is not adapted to all classes of our laborers, and no system of labor, which does not recognize the distinction between competence and incompetence, will meet the exigency. To supply this want, another system of tenantry must be adopted, either on the wage or share system, or both combined, which will devolve upon the landholder, either in person or by his agent, to superintend and direct all the labor on the farm, thus securing judgment in planning and promptness in executing all the operations of the farm. As at present constituted, this latter plan meets the exigency of Southern society better perhaps than the first, and may be said to be a preparatory school, where those who are the least qualified even to manage for themselves shall have the benefit of super or knowledge and experience, on the part of the landlord, to train them for the higher system of tenantry contemplated in the first plan. We know of several farms whose operations have been conducted for years on this latter plan, and the contentment of the laborer, and the evidences of improvement on every side, recommends the system to all observers. The laborers have a third interest in all the crops which they and their families can cultivate, the landholder furnishing land, stock, tools, all to be cultivated under his direction or that of his agent. Whatever time the laborer can spare from his own crop, he is employed by the landholder in any farm-work desired, and he is paid fair wages for said labor. Thus the two systems, both wage and share, are combined, thus securing to the laborer an individual interest in the crops raised, and to that extent, at least, ensuring on his part a more lively interest, and yet all under the supervision and control of superior judgment and experience. On these farms the general thrift of the laborer is a guarantee that the system is a good one for him, and he is for the most part satisfied.

The third and last plan is the wage system—pure and simple. This has some advantages over either of the others, and when once tried, under some modifications, gives the laborer satisfaction, and ensures to the landlord entire control of his farm. This latter feature cannot be overlooked entirely in any system, and can only be modified as in the first plan, where there is superior tact and judgment on the part of the tenant.

The phaze of the lien controversy, which has developed on the part of the friends of the law a disposition to appeal to the prejudices of the tenant class as against the landholder, because the proprietor claims the right, which has never yet been denied to the proprietor in any other business under the sun, of controlling his own property as his own tastes and judgment may dictate, is communism out and out. And if the landholder chooses to run his farm on the wage system, as yielding the most satisfactory return on the capital invested, he has the right to do so, without incurring the gratuitous taunt of pursuing a policy degrading to the laborer. And the man who would cast such a slur upon the wage laborer, if sounded to the bottom, has no respect for the laboring man, whether he works on the share or wage system. In other words, that it is the labor that degrades the man, because that is the same whether for wages or a share of the crop; and that the laboring man has no rights which the monopolists are bound to respect. Honest labor is honorable in any department of industry, and the wage laborer who makes a support for his family by his daily labor is entitled to as much respect as the man who earns his support on the share system, or in the counting-room, or in the factory, or in the work-shop, or in any of the professions or occupations of life.

This question is of so much importance, that it should be approached with the utmost calmness, and should be fully discussed by the farmers. If this should be ultimately the turn which the lien discussion is to take, then may we all have it to say that it was a good thing that the lien question was agitated. The farmers, as a class, are entirely too indifferent to their own interests in the matter of public discussion, and seem as ignorant as little children of the power of the press and the ballot-box to right their manifold wrongs.

A FARMER.

DeSoto's Death.

Immediately beyond the Mississippi DeSoto found the Indians friendly and hospitable. A curious illustration of the religious spirit which those false and cruel Spaniards could manifest on occasions, is found in their treatment of a cacique whose territory was suffering from drought, and besought DeSoto to pray to *his God* for rain, seeing that the Great Spirit had not answered the prayers of the Indians. The Spanish warrior promised to make the desired intercession.

Accordingly with true papistical ritualistic feeling, he caused a cross fifty feet high to be prepared. The tribe assembled. The Spaniads and their Indian slaves formed a procession, headed by their priest, which marched solemnly chanting hymns and psalms to the front of the cross. There they all kneeled while the priests offered prayer. Rising to their feet they advanced, two at a time, and reverently kissed the insensible wood. After this, the *Te Deum* was sung and the procession returned to the camp. By a favorable coincidence, it rained abundantly the following night. The savages recognized this as an answer to the prayer of the Spaniards, and the latter rejoiced over it as an evidence that they were the favorites of heaven. Alas, for a religion which sanctions such crimes as those adventurers perpetrated upon their simple minded but savage adversaries!

As DeSoto advanced toward the western border of Arkansas, he found the Indians fierce and hostile. The climate was cold as winter approached. Of gold he found none. His interpreter died during the winter of 1542. His difficulties increased on every side. He finally became convinced that his adventure was a failure, and that, if he lived to return to Spain, it would be as a ruined man, with reputation blasted and fortune wrecked. His spirits sunk under the weight of these convictions, and he resolved to retrace their steps to the Mississippi, fortify himself until he could build vessels in which to descend the river, send account of his discoveries to Cuba, secure reinforcements and then try to colonize the country over which he had been wandering.

Guided by this purpose, when spring arrived he turned his face toward the great river. After many long and fatiguing marches he reached Guachrya, about twenty miles below the mouth of the Arkansas. Finding it necessary to cross the river, he sent friendly messages to the warlike chief on the east side of the stream. "We are children of the sun," said he, knowing those Indians to be sun worshipers, "and desire a visit from thou as from a brother."

"Tell him," replied the haughty chief, "if he be the child of the sun, to dry up the river and I will come over and do homage to him."

Once the proud Spaniard would have responded to this insulting message by hurling his cavaliers upon his insulting adversary. Now, alas! their numbers were fearfully thinned, their splendor gone, their spirit broken, their power unequal to aught save defensive battle and DeSoto himself was sick at heart. Melancholy seized his soul. Fever preyed upon his body. He was confined to a sick bed. The shadows of death began to fall upon his great spirit. He made his will, appointed Luis de Moscoso his successor, bade affectionate adieus, first to his officers and then to his soldiers, gave all his dying blessing, and, about the fifth of June, 1842, some four years after his landing in Florida passed away to the spirit land. His followers inclosed his remains in a log of green oak and sunk it in the dead of night, in "nineteen fathoms of water. Thus," says Irving, "the first discoverer of the Mississippi made his grave in the middle of its waters."

Months afterward, the forlorn remains of the magnificent expedition which landed in Florida some five years before, arrived at a Spanish settlement in Mexico. Worn out by almost incredible fatigues and sufferings, nearly nude, jaded, diseased, dispirited and penniless, these ruined cavaliers were no longer objects of admiration, but of charity. They had sought gold, glory, and conquest, they had found rags, disease, and disappointment. That their adventures had been romantically marvelous, their courage chivalric in the highest degree, their endurance equal to that of the ancient Greeks under Zenophon, can not be denied. In these respects they were heroes. But their motives were solid, their aims low, their treatment of the Indians barbarous and shameful. The glory of their heroism is tarnished by the blackness of their crimes against humanity. Had their humane feelings equaled their courage, their enterprise might have had a more prosperous termination. But looking with Christian eyes on their uniform cruelty, one can not help feeling that their sufferings and failures were well merited strokes of a justly avenging Nemesis; nor can one fail to have one's admiration of their heroic qualities swallowed up by one's disgust at their inhumanity.

— A Selma, Alabama, man when 21 years of age married a widow of 60. A few days ago, when 65 years of age, he married a young lady of 21. This balanced the thing all up nice and even, and now he treads along life's road as smoothly as though he had started in right at first.

It would be supposed from its popularity that only one substance is now known to the world for the relief of rheumatism, and that is St. Jacobs Oil. *St. Louis (Mo) Dispatch.*

THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

Progress of Work on the Buildings and Grounds for the Great Show.

ATLANTA Ga., September 16.

I took a turn through the exposition grounds yesterday with Mr. Robert Maloney, a Wisconsin gentleman, who is the purchaser of the saloon privilege and beer hall privilege. He was very clever and courteous, and took great pleasure in showing me the points of interest. I found that a wonderful change had taken place in the grounds since my visit three weeks ago. Seven hundred workmen are making saw-and-hammer music, and the whole park is alive with signs of rapid progress. Driving under the great gateway we came face to face with a huge fountain shooting a strong and grateful stream through the hot and dusty air. Back of this fountain rises the judges' hall like a giant yellow skeleton, the frame-work, being complete and workmen battling like beavers with the weather-boarding and roofing, which will soon be in place and the hall ready for the finishing touches of the interior, which, I am told, will be very attractive. The judges' hall will contain the office of the director general, commodious committee rooms and a spacious auditorium, with a capacity of two thousand people. Here the ceremonial of opening the exposition will be held. Here, also, prominent lecturers will entertain visitors during the progress of the great show. To the right of the entrance ground towers the art and industrial pavillion, 310 feet long and 55 feet wide. It is being rapidly pushed to completion, and the large and graceful galleries circling to the reception of the fine arts. This building is 50 feet high. Further on to the right rears the grand saloon, which will be stocked with the choicest beverages to wet the parched tongues and cleanse the throats of the thirsty thousands. The principle counter is about 100 feet in length, and the building has a number of elegant and well-arranged wine rooms in the rear, where small private parties can sip the rosy sherry or break the beaded champaign. The building of public comfort is not only finished, but the inside has been exquisitly decorated by Mr. Kingsley, of Chicago. Everything in this cosey structure, from the newspaper stands to the ladies' parlors, has an air of nobbiness which is quite tempting. This building stands at the head of the plateau just beyond the Eastern wing of the main building, and is pleasantly accessible to visitors entering the grounds either by the carriage way or the railroad gates.

The railroad building is well under way, and will be ready by the 25th of the month. It is situated at the end of the Western wing of the plain building and will contain exhibits from all the great lines of the country. Down to the left of the railroad building stands the exposition restaurant, at the head of a beautiful little lake, encircled by the best drive on the grounds. This building is two stories high. The dining hall, which is of a very pretty design, opens upon a semi-circular veranda, which commands an inviting prospect of the entire park. The saloon and kitchen are in the basement and are models of convenient arrangement. Facing the railroad building on the West is the lunch and beer hall, which is bound to be one of the most popular resorts on the grounds. It is a pleasant building, 160 feet deep, 30 wide and 13 high, and stands at the edge of a thick and picturesque grove of young oaks, intersected by lovely walks and studded with hundreds of romantic iron seats. Two counters—each 100 feet long, with comfortable stools—extend down either side of the hall, while at intervals in the centre will be ranged large tubs of flowers and evergreens to purify the air while the countless visitors are quaffing beer and enjoying the occasional sandwich.

The main building is a monster. The sashing is all in place, and the building will be ready for the shafting next week. The color of the exterior is a delicate drab trimmed with pink, all of which harmonizes most prettily with the myriads of windows forming the sides and the long and gracefully lanterns running along the top. The interior is painted blue, which shows up richly under the fine September sun pouring in from the lanterns above and the windows around. The interior is almost as light as day, and the ventilation is almost perfect. The building contains 27,000 panes of glass and 1,500,000 feet of lumber. The space between the Eastern and Northern and the Northern and Western wings has been laid off in flower beds, and promenades leading up to the great iron fountains in the centre. Two thousand dollars' worth of flowers will be displayed upon these beds. When the electric light is turned upon this building and the circumjacent grounds the effect will be magnificent in the extreme. The main engine to run the machinery in this building is one hundred horse power and is now being put in position at the intersection of the Eastern and Western wings.

Chief Engineer Sabin told your correspondent that the arrangement for water supply was perfect. "We have," said he, "seventeen wells on the grounds, so to supply the crowds with drinking water besides a huge well which I have had dug under the main building. The water will be carried in pipes through all the builings in the park. We will have a system of fire-alarm telegraph over the grounds, and the lake down there, from which they are now laying pipes over the park, will furnish our hose with plenty of water in case of fire." The grounds will be policed by the sixty-five patrolmen, half of the expenses of whom will be paid by the city of Atlanta.

The exposition hotel will be ready for the reception of guests by the 25th of the month. It stands a few hundred yards this side the park, and will front on both the turnpike and the railroad. Among the features will be a capacious billiard room, ball room and bowling alley. Mr. Phil Brown, the proprietor, told me that through the splendid grove just this side the hotel ran the breastworks over which Sherman and Johnston fought. "This grove," said he, "I shall cut into broad avenues, one of which I shall name Sherman avenue and one Johnston avenue. Nothing will please me more than the sight of Northern and Southern men walking arm-in-arm along the ground where once the sections crossed swords." Across the road from the exposition hotel stands the Davis Encampment hotel, with its rows of dazzling tents and floored streets between, ready to accommodate two hundred guests.—*Correspondence Chicago Times*

— There has been no yellow fever in New Orleans for more than twelve months.

— J. A. Cuthbert, who was a member of Congress in 1819, died at his residence, near Mobile, last Saturday in the ninety-fifth year of his age.

— Boxes govern the world—the cartridge box, the jury box, the pill box the candy box, the band box the ballot box, and last but not least the maternal box.

The Newspaper—To Whom Does it Belong and Why Is it Published.

Some persons in Anderson County, South Carolina, who are in favor of the repeal of the Lien law have gone so far as "to stop their paper." The paper which they stopped, in the sense of denying themselves the satisfaction and advantage of reading it any longer, is the Anderson *Intelligencer*, which opposes the proposed repeal of the law. It is presumed that the irate Andersonians had not paid for their paper in advance. When a newspaper has been paid for in advance the reader rarely does more than resolve, in a moment of irritation, that he will not renew his subscription, and by the time that six or twelve months have passed he has occasion to get in a good humor again. When the stopping of a paper causes the subscriber to lose something that he has actually paid for, he is apt to pause and consider. In saving it expense the stoppage then will do the newspaper good instead of harm. So we suppose the Andersonians had not paid for their paper, and felt entirely independent. So does the *Intelligencer*. That paper improves the occasion by giving its readers generally some wholesome talk, the gist of which is that it does not expect or try to agree with every person, and that "the newspaper which does is no account." The *Intelligencer* then says:

"Public questions arise continually, and as they come up we are expected to present our views upon them. We have always done so freely, candidly and as plainly as we have been able, and intend as long as we remain in journalism to do so. It is not to be expected that we shall always agree with the opinions entertained by all of our subscribers, or even a majority of them, and we never stop to inquire whether we are in accord with their views or not. We give our opinions for what they are worth, and any subscriber or citizen who desires to combat them will be afforded the amplest opportunity of doing so. In all important issues the course of the *Intelligencer* has been clear and unmistakable. We do not now intend to be dodging about in search of the popular side of any question, and if our friends want to advance their opinions it must be by arugments published to combat our arguments. They cannot drive us by dictation to any course. The paper which can be turned from its true opinions by popular clamor or by considerations as to the effect the expression of its opinions may have on its subscription list, is either pitifully weak in ability or deplorably currupt in its morals. We shall continue to advocate what we believe to be right and oppose what we think wrong or injurious, whether the majority be with or opposed to us on any question."

This is manly and right, and the *Intelligencer* does a service to the press of the State in speaking so plainly. Nowhere is there more apparent confusion concerning the relations of the press to the public than in South Carolina, and it all flows from inability or unwillingness to realize the simple truth that the newspaper belongs to those who publish it and not to those who read it. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, of the Hartford *Courant*, puts this clearly in his recent address before the Social Science Association. Mr. Warner said:

"The newspaper is a private enterprise. Its object is to make money for its owner. Whatever motive may be given out for starting a newspaper, expectation of profit by it is the real one, whether the newspaper is religious, political, scientific or literary. The exceptional cases of newspapers devoted to ideas or 'causes' without regard to profit are so few as not to effect the rule. Commonly the cause, the sect, the party, the trade, the delusion, the idea gets its newspaper, its organ, its advocate, only when some individual thinks he can see a pecuniary return in establishing it. This motive is not lower than that which leads people into any other occupation or profession. To make a living and to have a career is the original incentive in all cases. Even purely philantropic enterprises the driving wheel that keeps them in motion for any length of time is the salary paid the working members.

"The excelence of a newpaper is not always measured by its profitableness; it is generally true that if it does not pay its owner it is valueless to the public. Not all newspapers which make money are good, for some succeed by catering to the lowest taste of respectable people, and to the prejudice, ignorance and passion of the lowest class; but as a rule the successful journal pecuniarily is the best journal. The reasons for this are on the surface. The impecunious newspaper cannot give its readers promptly the news, nor able discussion of the news, and, still worse it cannot be independent. The political journal that relies for support upon drippings of party favor or patronage; the general newspaper that finds it necessary to existence to manipulate stock reports; the religious weekly that draws precarious support from puffing doubtful enterprises the literary paper that depends upon the approval of publishers, are poor affairs, and in the long run or short run come to grief. Some newspapers do succeed by sensationalism, as some preachers do; by a kind of quackery, as some doctors do; by trimming and shifting to any momentary popular prejudice, as some politicians do; by becoming the paid advocate of a personal ambition or a corporate enterprise, as some lawyers do; but the newspaper only becomes a real power when it is able on the basis of pecuniary independence to free itself from all such entanglements. An editor who stands with hat in hand has the respect accorded to any other beggar."

The recognition of the fact that the newspaper is a private and purely business enterprise will help to define the mutual relations of the editor and the public. Mr. Warner says:

"His claim upon the public is exactly that of any manufacturer or dealer. It is that of the man who makes cloth or the grocer who opens a shop; neither has a right to complain if the public does not like a cloth half shoddy or coffee half chickory, he will go elsewhere. If the subscriber does not like one newspaper he takes another, or none. The appeal for newspaper support on the ground that such a journal ought to be sustained by an enlightened community, or on any other ground than that it is a good article that people want—or would want if they knew its value—is purely childish, in this age of the world. If any person wants to start a periodical devoted to decorated teapots, with the noble view of inducing the people to live up to his idea of a teapot, very good; but he has no right to complain if he fails. On the other hand the public has no rights in the newspaper except what it pays for; even the old subscriber has none except to drop the paper if it ceases to please him. The notion that the subscriber has a right to interfere in the conduct of the paper, or the reader to direct its opinions, is based on a misconception of what the newspaper is."

There is another point which Mr. Warner makes. Regarding the claim of the public to have communications published, he says: "Whether they shall be printed or not rests in the discretion of the editor, having reference to his own private interest and to his apprehension of the public good. Nor is he bound to give any reason for his refusal. It is purely in his discretion whether he will admit a reply to anything that has appeared in his columns. No one has a right to demand it. Courtesy and policy may grant it, but the right to it does not exist." Then again "the advertiser acquires no more rights in the newspaper than the subscriber. He is entitled to use the space for which he pays by the insertion of such material as is approved by the editor. He gains no interest in any other part of the paper, and has no more claim to any space in the editorial column than any other one of the public. To give him such space would be unbusinesslike, and the extension of a preference which would be unjust to the rest of the public. Nothing more quickly destroys the character of a journal, begets distrust of it, and so reduces is value, than the well-founded suspicion that its editorial columns are the property of advertisers. Even a religious journal will after awhile, be injured by this." There is nothing in all this to affect what to most people is the most important aspect of the newspaper, the editor's responsibility to the public for its contents. Mr. Warner says:

"It is sufficent briefly to say, here, that it is exactly the responsibility of every other person in society—the full responsibility of his opportunity. He has voluntarily taken a position in which he can do a great deal of good or a great deal of evil, and he should be held and judged by his opportunity. It is greater than that of the preacher, the teacher, the congressman, the physician. He occupies the loftiest pulpit; he is in his teacher's desk seven days in the week; his voice can be heard further than that of the most lusty foghorn politician; and often, I am sorry to say, his columns outshine the shelves of the druggist in display of proprietary medicines. Nothing else ever invented has the public attention as the newspaper has, or is an influence so constant and universal. It is this large opportunity that has given the impression that has given the impression that the newspaper is a public rather than a private enterprise."

This is true to the letter. The newspaper has enormous power for good and for evil, and when that power is abused the penalty is sure to follow.

In South Carolina and in the South generally there has been a very erroneous and mischievous idea of the functions of the newspaper. It has been regarded usually as public property, which everybody has a right to control except those who pay the weekly bills. That sort of thing is incompatible with independence in journalism. The newspaper is the absolute property of its owners to do with as they please, and their self-interest, to take no higer motives into account, can be depended on to cause the newspaper to move in harmony with the best thoughts and interests of the people amongst whom it circulates and from whom it derives the bulf of its support.—*News and Courier.*

Suffering to be Beautiful.

While savages cut the nose, ears, lips and other parts of the frame into various conventional designs, it is reserved for civilization—Chinese, European and American—to attack the really useful organs. Thus, a savage may chop off his little finger by way of proving that he has come to years of discretion, as the Mandarins did, or he may have his front teeth knocked out for the same purpose, as is the manner of the Murri. But he will not ruin his chest or deform his feet. Only people who do not need to walk or run much wear tight boots and cultivate slender waists, though the practice descends from owners of carriages to the middle and lower classes. Mr. Flower (author of a book to which this article refers) gives ghastly wood cuts of the Chinese woman's foot and of its skeleton.

During the first year of the binding the pain is so intense that the sufferer can do nothing but lie and cry and moan. For about two years the foot aches continually. Some of the toes usually come off with the bandages, which enables the fortunate patient to wear a smaller shoe than would otherwise have been possible. The Chinese woman's foot is almost exactly like drawing of a Parisian lady's foot in a shoe which is reprinted from an advertisement in an English paper with a wide circulation among women. Apparently Parisian shoemakers wish English ladies to live up to Chinese ideas. The toes of the "golden lily," or deformed Chinese foot, touch the ground between the great toe and the heel. The fashionable length is between three and a half and four inches.

But probably the Chinese do not tight lace. This is the greatest, most permanent and most mischievous of modern fashionable deformities. A glance at the waist of the Venus so incorrectly attributed to the chisel of the athlete Milo, and at the waist of any lady in a picture of the fashions, will show that the modern woman's internal economy must be hopelessly disarranged. The shape of the skeleton is actually and absolutely reversed. The ribs of the human frame are narrow at the top, and expand downward. The ribs in the skeleton of a tight-laced woman are wide at the top, and contract as they descend. Probably even more misery is caused by the absurdly contracted waist than by the ridiculous pointed and high-heeled boot. But all classes suffer from "the cruel and extreme torture of the boot," in the modern conventional shape.—Tight lacing, after all, only affects women who want to be fashionable. If we could only return to the round toed shoon of Henro VIII! Lord Palmerston wore boots made on natural principles, and he was not quite a social failure.—*London Daily News.*

GIRLS, DON'T GET MARRIED.—Girls. don't be in a hurry to get married. If you are but sixteen, don't allow such an idea to get into your head for at least four years. Don't even run the risk of it by permitting any young man to get as far as the proposing point. Fight him off, and make him wait or go away to somebody who is ready. Don't live under the impression that you must accept the first love-sick youth who proposes. Be patient, deliberate and sagacious

There is a world of happiness for you between sixteen and twenty. The world would be a dreary old waste if it were not for the sweet faces of young girls with their piquant sayings and melting smiles. Your father has bought you a piano, and you have learned to play, after many long and wearisome lessons. Don't spoil all by getting married, for after that you won't have much use for your piano. After you have reached twenty it would be well to consider the matrimonial problem with some seriousness.

— The reigning monarch of Abyssinia cuts off the noses of those who take snuff and the lips of those who smoke.

Home-Made Manures.

Good stable manure is said to be a perfect fertilizer, possessing all the ingredients of plant fertilization, and is therefore the model or standard. The object should be to increase its quantity by all possible means without changing its constituents, or impairing its value. Every farmer knows of what raw material it is composed and he has but to multiply these in order to reach the quantity desired. But experience teaches that the utmost exertions will not produce a sufficient quantity for any farmer. What then? This compels resort to other combinations, or to commercial fertilizers, for which reason we reproduce the subjoined formula for compositing, from the report of Commissioner Janes for 1879. These combinations have been well tested, and are considered reliable, but as they will speak for themselves, we return to the home-made manure, so often referred to as the "compost heap." Every thrifty farmer is supposed to have horses, cows and hogs, if not sheep and goats, and that with reasonable care he has provided them with the stables, stalls or shelters and open lots. These should be so arranged that the water from heavy rains should not sweep through them to bear off the manurial contents, nor to "pond up" around or above the materials in process of decomposition. Too much water is about as injurious as too little, for the heaps must be neither wet nor dry, but be kept in a moist state. There should be shelters convenient to the open lots and stalls to keep the manure under, and convenient water to sprinkle them when too dry. The heaps should be exclaimed at least every week to ascertain their condition, and generally be forked over about two weeks, or as often as they seem heated, to a considerable degree, and be sprinkled with plaster during the process to prevent the escape of ammonia. If plaster is not convenient, dry earth will answer, used abundantly from the rich fence or other deposits of surface soil. When heating ceases, the organized materials are decomposed, and, no longer in danger from fermentation, may be scattered, thoroughly dried and thrown into bulk under good shelter, where it will keep for any desired length of time. As these heaps constitute the farmer's "bank," upon which he draws for abundant crops, and consequent prosperity and happiness in his household, they should be considered of the very first importance. If thus appreciated, he will be anxious to make them as large and valuable as possible, and in doing this he may busy himself the year round, or may devote to all the spare time he has from other work. To begin the work of their creation, there should be no waste from his stalls and stables. All straw fed to the animals should be cut, and each stall should have the waste straw from the feed trough, and as much as is necessary, to form a bed in the stall for the animal, and be well sprinkled with the richest perfectly dry top soil that can be had. More straw and more dry earth should be added as often as the wet disagreeable condition of the stall suggests. Once in each week clean out the stalls and start anew, piling the contents removed under the shelter before alluded to. Meantime cover the open lots with straw of any kind, leaves, trash of twigs, cut briars, green or dead weeds, grass and all other available vegetation, sprinkle lime upon it, and let the animals especially the hogs, be rooting and tearing it to pieces. Have one spot lower than the rest, where the bulk may be formed for wetting and liming, and every few days rake up and pile the scattered and dry materials on the spot, dragging out as it decays and introducing new materials.

If there be peat or muck in the neighborhood, they will be excellent materials for the rapid increase of this open lot compost, which when thoroughly decomposed, should also be sheltered from leaching rains. This process may continue throughout the year, and if the farmer owns half a dozen cows, two or three horses and a dozen hogs he will be surprised at the quantity of good compost he can make with their aid. We have not mentioned his poultry house, which should turn him out a dozen barrels of good guano he can use without fear upon the garden, nor the kitchen window slops and wash-day soap-suds, which should invariably be utilized about his grape vines and fruit trees. No farmer who neglects these things has a right to murmur against poor soil and bad crops.

DIRECTIONS AND FORMULA FOR COMPOSTING.

If the stable manure and cotton seed have been preserved under shelter use the following:

Formula No. 1.

Stable manure...............pounds...	650
Cotton seed (green).....................	650
Superphosphate...........................	700
Making a ton of.....................	2,000

DIRECTIONS FOR COMPOSTING.

Spread under shelter a layer of stable manure four inches thick; on this sprinkle a portion of the phosphate, next spread a layer of cotton seed three inches thick; wet these thoroughly with water, and then apply more of the phosphate; next spread another layer of stable manure three inches thick, and continue to repeat these layers in the above order, and in proportion to the quantity of each used to the ton, until the material is consumed. Cover the whole mass with stable manure, or scrapings from the lot, one or two inches thick. Allow the heap to stand in this condition until a thorough fermentation takes place, which will require from three to six weeks, according to circumstances, dependent upon proper degree of moisture and the materials used. When the cotton seed are thoroughly killed with a sharp hoe or mattook, cut down vertically through the layers; pulverize and shovel into a heap, when the fermentation will be renewed, and the compost be still further improved. Let it lie two weeks after cutting down—it will then be ready for use.

The following plan of mixing gives equally satisfactory results: Mix the cotton seed and the stable manure in proper proportion, moisten them with water, apply the proper proportion of phosphate and mix thoroughly, shoveling into a mass as prepared.

There is some advantage in this plan from the fact that the ingredients are thoroughly commingled during fermentation.

For Cotton.—Apply in the opening furrow two hundred pounds, and with the planting seed seventy-five or one hundred pounds, making in all two hundred and seventy-five or three hundred pounds per acre. If it is desired to apply a larger quantity, open furrows the desired distance, and over them sow broadcast four hundred pounds per acre bed the land, and then apply one hundred pounds per acre with the seed.

For Corn.—Apply in the hill, by the side of the seed, one gill to the hill. An additional application around the stalk before the first ploughing will largely increase the yield of grain.

If the compost is to be used on worn or sandy pine lands use the following:

Formula No. 2.

Stable manure...............pounds...	600
Cotton seed (green).....................	600
Superphosphate...........................	700
Kainit..	100
Making a ton of.....................	2,000

Prepare as directed for No. 1. moistening the manure and cotton seed with a solution of kainit instead of water. Muriate of potash is the cheapest form in which potash can be used, but kainit supplies it in a better form and combination for many plants.

If lot manure, or that which has been so exposed as to lose some of its fertilizing properties, is composted, use

Formula No. 3.

Lot manure..................pounds...	600
Cotton seed (green).....................	500
Superphosphate...........................	700
Sulphate of ammonia.....................	60
Kainit..	140
Making a ton of.....................	2,000

The sulphate of ammonia and kainit must be dissolved in warm water, and a proportionate part of each sprinkled upon the other ingredients as the heap is prepared. Apply as directed under No. 1 to cotton and corn. To wheat or oats apply four or five hundred pounds per acre broadcast, and plough or harrow it in with the grain.—*From the Southern Farmer's Monthly.*

A Rural Wedding and What Followed.

We had a contrast between town and rural manners and dress yesterday at a country wedding. The bride was a rosy cheeked chambermaid at the hotel, and we were all invited to the wedding at her father's farm house, several miles away. The ceremony was performed in the usual manner by a clergyman, late in the afternoon. A beautiful, if not a pretentious, support followed, and then came games—old-fashioned kissing games, like copenhagen, post-offices and forfeits. The city girls held off a while, but seeing that their coyness was not well received made martyrs of themselves and generally liked it. I think I observed a fact that is not generally known in kissing, that for the most electrical results one kisser should be a blonde and the other a brunette, representing the opposite poles of a battery. Certainly, the kisses between persons of the same complexion looked and sounded mechanical and perfunctory, while those by contrasted couples were fiery, spirited and harmoniously explosive. However, after several hours of diversions largely osculatory, there went to bed a most thoroughly kissed bride. Her scarlet lips looked swollen with the ordeal of long and earnest kissing, for she had been smacked over and over by every man and woman in the party. She had borne the treatment with good humor, and no married life was ever begun with a merrier frolic. But the crowning exploit was an observance of the old Vermont custom of tucking up the happy couble in bed. Half an hour after they had retired we burglarized their bedchamber, and turned the light of half a dozen lamps on them. We saw a sight which proved woman's superior fortitude. The bridegroom turned read and white by turn, and was completely flabbergasted; but the bride, though her face lay rosy enough on the snowy pillow, was quite self-possessed. She had dressed herself in a dainty new night-dress, with shirting over the shoulder and on the bishop sleeves, and may have derived her courage from a previous view of her self in the glass. Very lovely she was, and very prettily careful to keep herself covered just enough, but not so much as to hide the yoke of that charming nightgown. The ceremony consisted of tucking in the bedclothes all around, and so closely and violently that the new man and wife were well shaken together. Then we left them.—[*Clara Bell's Vermont Letter to Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A Model Love Letters.

MY DARLING SALLIE: Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy capers over it like young goats over a stable roof, and thrills through it like Spanish needles through a garment. As a goslin swimmith with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. When I first beheld your angelic perfection, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a tumbler of hot whiskey punch. Day and night you are in my thoughts—when aurora rises from her saffron colored clouds, when the drowsy beetle wheels its flight at noontide, when the lowing herds come home at milking time, I think of thee, and then my heart seems to stretch like a piece of gum-elastic. When I am from you I am melancholy as a sick rat; sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizzards of despair crawling over me. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse powdered with gold; your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat; your mouth is puckered with sweetness, nectar lingers on your lip like honey on a bear's paw, the dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses or holds in cakes of home made sugar; you are fairer than a speckled puppy, sweeter than a yankee fried in sorghum molasses, and brighter than the top-not plume on the head of a muscovy duck. If these remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul and win your affections I will be happy as a stage horse in a green pasture, or a jay bird in a cherry tree; but if you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion I will pine away like a poisoned bed bug, or fall away from a flourishing vine of life an untimely branch, and in the coming years when the philosophical frog sings his cheerful evening hymns you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear, and catch a cold on the grave of the last resting place of yours, affectionately. L. K. V.

— "Boss, I want ter buy a picter of Jesus," said a Nashville darkey to a Union street picture dealer this morning. He was shown one in a frame representing Jesus blessing little children. "Boss, is you got any black ones?" asked the darkey. "No, Jesus was not a black man." "Dar's whar you are wrong, Boss. My pastor told me las' night dat Jesus was de 'xact image ob me. "Look yer, nigger," spoke up the colored porter of the house, who had been a listener to the above conversation, "Look yer, nigger, if I thought de photograf ob de Lord look … way like you, I'd sell out my intrust in kingdom come 'fore night.—*Nashville Banner.*

— St. Louis business men are signing a petition asking for licensed gambling houses. Chicago, by act of Mayor Harrison, already has them. New Orleans has just begun to issue licenses to houses of ill-fame; gambling houses and lotteries are already licensed in New Orleans.

Will the World Come to an End this Year.

Well, yes, anxious, troubled questioner, it will. We hope you will feel satisfied to have the mattter definitely settled. And we can tell you postively that it will. We know as much about it as Prof. Proctor, as Prof. Swift, as the Smithonian Institute, and the National Observatory, and more than the U. S. Signal Service. You have been tormented and tortured, no doubt, by Mother Shipton, and by the comet and the Canadian farmer who built him an ark and had it launched for the 19th of June—he can go into the ferry business with it now, or sell it to the Mississippi Barge Transportation Company—and by the Millerites, and one fool thing and another until your mind is distracted and you can't sleep, and don't think it worth while to pay your debts. All the same, you will have to pay or go out of the business. And if the world should come to an end at ten o'clock to morrow morning, up to 9:45 A. M. money would be eight per cent., on gilt edge paper, and none too easy to get then.

So you see the fact that the world is coming to an end won't make any difference in your business affairs. It won't make any change in the shallowness of strawberry boxes this season; the good berries will all be on the top the same as last year. With eternity staring them in the face mankind will go right on swindling and lying, and praying and singing and swearing and dealing honestly, and doing tricky things, loving and hating, laughing and weeping, until the end comes and the lips that cursed or prayed are hushed alike in the quiet of death.

For the world is coming to an end. And the comets can't hasten and a million comets can't retard its coming, There is no help for it. If it scares you, we can't help it. We must tell the truth about this thing, since you have asked us what we know about it. And, indeed, we know more than we have told. The end of all things terrestrial is coming to morrow, and you can't stop it by climbing a tree or crawling into a cave. Every day and every hour the end of the world comes to some unsuspecting mortal who is only thinking up some plans for next summer, or studying over a 'hoss trade' he has in his mind for next week. Every time your heart beats the end of the world comes for some one, and just as sure as you have, or more surely if you have not paid your newspaper subscription, it is coming to you. And, good subscriber, fearful and troubled about comets and many things, when it does come, if it catches you off your feet with your business raveling out at the edges, your bills unsettled, your notes protested, your subscription not paid, your pew rent overdue and your pastor running into debt for his living, with your conscience burdened with wrong and your life bristling with uncorrected and unrepentant faults, you won't need any comet nor any long procession or perihelia to scare you. You won't think of the planets then, good man. You will think about the horse with a spavin you sold to poor Greenwig; you will think about the four dollar over coat you sold poor Hayseed for $14.75; you will remember the seven cents prints you sold to old Mrs. Thistlepod for fourteen cents; you will think about the firkin of axle grease you painted with butter and sold for thirty-seven cents for table use; you will think of the mortgage you foreclosed on poor Ragweed's farm after he had paid you thirteen per cent. for the money for ten years; you will think of the loads of three feet cord-wood you hauled to town and sold at a full market price; you will think of the sand you sifted in the brown sugar; you will remember how you sold 1,700 pounds of coal for a ton; you will think of the paper you took for a year and a half and never paid for; you will recall a thousand little meannesses and weaknesses of which you are guilty; you will think how you made you money, and how precious little good it is going to do you in your country whither you are going and, poor man, if you have fastened your faith and trust to nothing better than Mother Shipton, or Vennor, or General Hazen, or some celestial tramp of a comet, the sound of the trumpet, the voices of the beasts, the seven thunders, the hail and fire mingled with blood, the darkened sun, the voice of the eagle could not add to your fears. When the end of the world comes for you, that will be the only end you will take any interest in. It will be awful enough for you, if it comes before you are ready for it, and unless you know you have a dead sure thing on eighty-nine years or more—and you know whether you have or not—you keep one eye open all the time for the end of the world.

So don't you worry about two comets, or perihelia, or eclipses or spots on the sun. They have nothing to do with your case at all. You may not live to see the world burned up, and you pass away in the final dissolution of all things terrestrial, but you are going to live to your end of the world, and don't you forget it. That's all you have to do with it. You go home now, and quit worrying about prophecies. Admire the comet without a fear. Study astronomy for its wonders and beauties, and not for fanciful and ignorant and superstitious terrors. You go home and sell clean goods full measures and honest weights; teach your clerks that a thirty-five inch stick doesn't measure a yard of dress goods; don't weigh yourself on the hay, and the wagon by itself; make your ton of coal weigh twenty hundred; and cut your wood four feet long; be honest and square in your dealing; pay your yew rents every week, your newspaper subscription in advance; read the revised Testament oftener, and go to church regularly; be manly and pay your debts as fast as you can, and live so that you can look every man in the eyes when you meet him; give up swearing, and try family prayers as a substitute, don't be afraid of any man that ever wore a hat, always stand by your own honest convictions, and then, if some night a comet with a tail like a torchlight procession, and the perihelion of Jupiter, and an eclipse of the sun, and old Mother Shipton, should file into your front yard and kick and thump at the door: 'We want you old man!' you would hop cheerfully out of bed, and shout back; 'All right, wait till I get on my trousers!' and go out to join the procession without a tremor.

Bless your timid soul, non-paying subscriber, the other end of the world is nothing, if you only shape this end as as near right as you know how.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

— A passenger train on the Iron Mountain railroad was stopped and robbed near Newport, Ark., on the 22nd ult., by five masked men. Five thousand dollars reward is offered for the capture of the robbers.

— The Crown Prince of Sweeden and Princess Victoria, only daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, were married last week.

Mr. E. Purcell, No. 11 Ann street, New York, used St. Jacob's Oil for rheumatism with entire relief—writes a New York journal.—*Richmond (Va.) Christian Advocate.*